SPORADIC NOT PERIODICAL.

VOL. I.] SHANGHAI, JUNE 1, 1912. [No. 2.

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QUACK

I NEVER heard of a monarch succumbing to the inevitable but that a thousand scribes and preachers record that the king is dead and wish long life to the king. The Biographical Dictionary attributes it originally to a Frenchman, but I have no doubt that when hieroglyph is made as easy as a b c, it will surely be found that someone said more than six thousand years ago "*Le Roi Pharaon est mort. Vive le Roi Pharaon.*" So was it with Christian Frederick William Charles, King of Denmark and of the Wends and Goths, and so it will be, when he comes to his coffining, with Christian Charles Frederick Albert Alexander William, his son, who now reigneth in his stead.

* * *

Of the Famine Fete it may be said that it was largely T.H.U., A.W.U., and I.O.U. With regard to the first, it was sheer enthusiasm, as who should say "Kilowatts first, kilowatts all the time, kilowatts for ever." Touching the second, there was air of "purr pro." And here it should said that there is little doubt that the Republican Legion of Honour will surely come soon, with a five colour ribbon. The third is the inevitable outcome of charitable endeavour.

* * *

Our enterprising contemporary, the newest-born of the morning papers, has announced the discontinuance of its weekly Society Chat. We are inclined to doubt the wisdom of this step, in fact there can be no question that the management is making a mistake. Their Sales Committee, or however they describe the department in charge of their revenue, will find this out in due course. For, as has often been said, it was the most interesting and exhilarating part of the paper. Bridge-teas unhonoured and imported gowns unsung! Covers laid in vain! The very thought sends a saddening thrill down one's back.

* * *

The art of quarrelling is still in its infancy, or not to be so sweeping, perhaps it were better to say that modern exponents of the art have shown us depths of which classic champions such as Brutus and Cassius had no conception. The stately periods in which Brutus insinuated graft on the part of his colleague and friend make a fine model for the student; so in its way does the output of Sandro Botticelli, so too the works of Sebastian Bach. Only the schoolmen and professionals, however, remain satisfied with these. We, the half educated public, want something more. Parents who preach and teach the doctrine of kiss-and-be-friends do a lot of harm in their way. They stunt the growth of a naturally quarrelsome child, often with permanent ill effects. I have known two day-boys terminate a confab in the interval in the middle of the morning with an expletive such as "You beastly cad," and then they have walked off at half past twelve arm-in-arm. Such is the effect of early training. Friendship has frequently attracted the attention of poets and essayists, but the Epic of Enmity has yet to be written. We have the "Gentle Art," and D'Israeli's "Calamities and Quarrels," but they give no word as to how to keep a foe when you've got one. A lodged hate and a certain loathing must be fanned from time to time or Time itself will do its deadly work; and how to do it! How to feed fat the ancient grudge! The whole thing, as the Watch Committee says, wants going thoroughly into.

* * *

I saw in the Szechuen Road two signboards reading "Dr. H. B. Kingman, Dental Surgeon" and "Dr. C. Kingman, Surgeon Dentist." So I asked Rothsheim at lunch where the difference came in. He said he had never been in, but that it looked as though it was partly in their initials and partly in their occupation.

REBEL SPY

DISGUISED AS A FOREIGNER

Of all the World's disappointments, give me Roosevelt. Big game, journalism and a colonelcy have been his ruin. He who seemed about to be going on to the tablets as a rugged American gentleman, in sequence with Washington and Lincoln, has panned out a shrieking demoniac. One of the papers gives a picture of his winning smile. Let him smile for all he's worth, but let us pray he won't win.

* * *

There is little to criticise in the excellent Report on the International Institute by Mr. C. Spurgeon Medhurst, which was published on May 14. He does well to record for the benefit of students of later days the date of arrival of himself, Mrs. Medhurst and his daughter Gladys, on Saturday, November 5, 1911. Together with the fact that we of England remember the fifth of November for another reason, it will tend to international harmony that China should now have cause to bless the same day and to mark it in red. That Dr. Reid met them and straightway told them to lose no time in getting on with their work is typical of the good Doctor's hemispherical energy. Mr. Medhurst proceeds to tell us how that he proceeded to spread serenity and to calm excitement, battling with prevailing pessimism and proclaiming, doubtless upon the housetops—for proclamations down in the road require the seal of the Consular Body—his confidence in an early peace. The storms of the autumn were assuaged, discord vanished; no balsam nor painkiller nor unguent could have done more. One admission in the Report shows perhaps room for censure. Mr. Medhurst tried to keep a record of the letters he wrote and gave it up. Why did Mr. Medhurst give it up? Have we not carbon papers of myriad brands? Jelligraphs? Duplicators? Or even the old fashioned copybook, which involves no further expenditure than change of ink? An average letter takes less time to copy than to write, and it is the duty of the family to relieve the father of the more mechanical part of such work. Mr. Medhurst did not exhibit the same forethought in this respect as he has

done in regard to the date of his arrival. His Life and Letters, when they come to be written, must needs be scrappy, for so many people nowadays have the unfortunate habit of tearing up the chits they receive. A common copy book would have outwitted the effect of this detestable practice.

* * *

The Maifest dinner and dance at the Concordia was, if nothing else, ebullient. Everybody turned up, the rooms were full, pretty girls had flowers in their hair, curmudgeons and stodge-pots laid aside their ordinary rôle, abundance profused and profusion abounded. The Bluten-Polonaise was festal and national and processional, it was merry and bright, it was miscellaneous and characteristic and comprehensive and representative, it had dignity and it was funny, it suggested Rubens and Rabelais, and when it was done, although there were no pieces of orange peel, yet the floor was crumbs. There was small English and less French. This was well, for the little group of uitlanders didn't fit in and looked uncomfortable. It wasn't their fault and I don't blame them, but (I will have it) it was so.

* * *

SONNET UPON MY DEPARTING MOTOR-CAR

Eheu !' Beloved, now the moment comes
When thou must irretrievably be cast,
The Fates have spoken, turning down their thumbs,
Into the limbo of my lurid past.
Here let me drop a tributary tear,
Dumb token of my erstwhile love for thee ;
Thy mood capricious made thee very dear,
And altogether much too dear for me.
Half-spent my passion's lately kindled fires,
And disallusion cools my pulsing blood.
No more I'll stand those ghastly bills for tyres,
Nor stem in vain the petrolitic flood.
It costs me much to part with thee, my pet,
But not so much as if I kept thee yet.

A "DARE TO DIE"

VERY SATISFACTORY

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS BEFORE

INVOKING THE MUSE

My preparations were all complete. That is to say upon my writing table were arranged a neat row of five pipes each carefully filled and ready for the match, a quire or so of foolscap, pens and ink. Nothing lacked save inspiration and that I did not doubt would appear at once. So in all confidence I sat down to ply a busy pen for three or four blissful hours. Anthony, a black chow of limited intelligence and no particular attraction, took up a position on the floor opposite to me.

Of course, there were no matches! A small incident like this is quite enough to interfere with the vein and so it is not perhaps altogether astonishing that when my first pipe was going satisfactorily the inspiration seemed to be just a trifle further away than it was when I first sat down.

"I wonder, Anthony," I said, "what you would do if you were under contract to supply amusing verses to a comic paper, or shall we say, a journal devoted to the lighter side of life."

Anthony vouchsafed no reply.

"If you will listen to me, dog," I went on, "you will learn that at various times I have been inspired to write verse, good, bad and indifferent. To be true to myself and yet retain my native modesty we will say that most of it was indifferent. Having written verse before, there seems to be no valid reason why I should not perpetrate more of it and what is more, perpetrate it now. And if you are curious enough to know why it should be now, dog, it is that the finger of scorn has been pointed at *Quack* for its deficiency in verse and this by what it is correct journalese to call our senior morning contemporary."

A pause, rather a long one ensued. And then "Eureka," I cried, "I have it. You may possibly be "interested, Anthony, to know that Eureka is the "proper thing to say under the circumstances." And I wrote at the head of the first sheet of foolscap,

TO CHARLOTTE

"I would have you to know, dog," I remarked, "that I have sounded the praises of many damsels, Chloes, Clarissas, Dorindas, Altheas, the whole caboodle in fact, and none of them, I am convinced, can be as worthy of praise as Charlotte."

I am still convinced of it but not an attribute of hers would lend itself to rhyme. It became patent at last that I should have to desert Charlotte. Numberless other themes I turned over in my mind but none of them evoked the elusive inspiration. The Republic in China, too amorphous; the Chapei boundary, too ticklish politically; the Chief Gardener's reports in the *Municipal Gazette*, too funny already, and so forth.

It was the Gruyere provided at the Club which gave me the first flicker of hope. It is a flabby substance highly inedible, of the colour and consistency of the soap you see in inferior French hotels, that is, if you see any soap at all. Not inspiring at first blush perhaps but sufficiently so for me to ejaculate "Eureka" once more though I own it lacked the confidence of the previous occasion, and was said rather with a sense that it was the proper thing to say. Phrases such as "the fragrance of the rose, the pallor of the lily" and "glist'ning with a clammy dew" began to float before me and I was conscious of a tingling down my back which invariably portends a fairly facile set of say five six line verses. Thus encouraged I took up my pen and crossed out the last seven letters of my first title, "To Charlotte," carefully substituting "eese."

But that is as far as it got. Somehow the thing wouldn't shape and finally, to mix metaphors, I had to abandon "Cheese" as a bad egg.

"Dog," I said, "matters have become desperate and if they do not mend very shortly, you will be the sole witness of my premature demise."

Anthony wagged his tail by way of encouragement but whether in the direction of further efforts or of suicide I am unable to say. However, with another pipe (the fourth), dogged determination, a rhyming dictionary and an ancient copy of *Whitaker's Almanack*, I concocted the following lines.

You asked me for verse; at once in my brain,
The cantos were marshalled in stately review,
And yet not a line and much less a quatrain,
Will come into being whatever I do!
I've tried metres old and attempted some new,
And each with no better result than before,
To find that my verses are long overdue,
And the printer's devil is now at the door.

Oh give me a subject, a catchy refrain,
A poem to Chloe, or Lalage's shoe,
A sonnet to Phyllis, a rondeau to Jane,
A something to someone, it don t matter who,
Nor what its about, Madam Muse, its for you
To give me the aid which again I implore
To these verses, or witty or tender and true
For the printer's devil is now at the door.

ENVOI

Thus vainly the muse I've endeavoured to woo,
It's plain that she means to inspire me no more;
So what in the devil's poet to do,
When the printer's devil awaits at the door?

"If you will give me your undivided attention, Anthony, for a few minutes," I said, when I had finished, "I will read you my poem. It is, you will observe, a Ballade. You and I, dog, know that a Ballade properly contains three stanzas and an envoi, but I have been unable to write more than two and, of course, an envoi. It is unlikely, however, that the general public will spot that a verse is missing or if they do, that they will consider it the less a Ballade."

I read it to Anthony who exhibited symptoms of boredom. He has no manners.

"I take it, Anthony," I said, "from your general bearing I am to infer that you think you could have written better verse yourself."

And I believe he could.

ABDULLAH.

VODKA

A GHOST STORY

CHAPTER I.

"Erbert, the 'obgobling, came boundin' along the corridor.

AT THE TELEPHONE

Is that Robertson? Oh, I say, I just wanted to tell you that I can't get No. 9 all through for the Kiangwan Lotteries and so I took 16.

Voice. I think you're on the wrong number.

Well, we'll see when the time comes. Anyway it was the best I could do. And I rather fancy myself at picking.

Voice. Who are you?

Well it sounds a bit conceited I admit, but anyway I've always been lucky up to now. Judgment you know, old chap, and brains will tell, don't you know.

Voice. Ring off.

Ha! ha! I thought that would tickle you up, but you needn't be shirty about it. And I say, while I think of it, I gave Bremner that little lot of exchange to settle this afternoon, and—

Voice. You've made a mistake.

Well, it was weak at the close anyway, and you said yourself you thought it was time—

Voice. I tell you you've made a mistake.

Well, hang it all, you can't blame me. You distinctly agreed last night—

Voice. Ring off. Ring off.

Look here, Robertson, I can't quite understand you. If you want to cancel your share of it I'm quite ready to take it over, but as I'm going away to-morrow—

Voice. Oh go away. *Do* go away.

I say, can you hear me? I said that as I was going away to-morrow you could—

Voice. Oh for Heaven's sake shut up. My name isn't Robertson.

Not Robertson! Then who are you?

Voice. I'm Robinson. No. 1000 Carter Road.

Then why the deuce couldn't you say so at first. Silly ass. Ring off.

CHILD'S GUIDE TO SHANGHAI.

[*continued*]

Q. Indicate the fauna and flora of the neighbourhood.

A. Beyond the occasional pink elephants and "wee blood-red mice" seen by certain of the inhabitants, and a pack of otter hounds, there is nothing peculiar to the district in the way of fauna, except perhaps, the inhabitants themselves. There are no otters.

Q. And what can you tell me of the flora?

A. All the details can be found in the Navy List.

Q. My question treated of vegetation and plants.

A. Nobody vegetates very much, but there are a great many plants flourishing here, mostly of the rubber variety.

Q. And what is the main product of the rubber plant?

A. Principally Dead Sea fruit.

Q. Name some of the best known landmarks.

A. Mr. Brodie Clarke, Mr.————

Q. No, no, I meant in the way of buildings and so on.

A. McBuckingham Palace is a good example of the humble dwellings of those roughing it in the Far East, and the Race Club buildings are a fine specimen of the dizzy height to which ornamental architecture has risen within the last few years. The Club Bar, which is supposed to be equal to the Club Thirst, is the longest and largest in the world.

Q. How many cocktails are served at this bar annually?

A. I really should not like to say.

Q. Why do people drink cocktails?

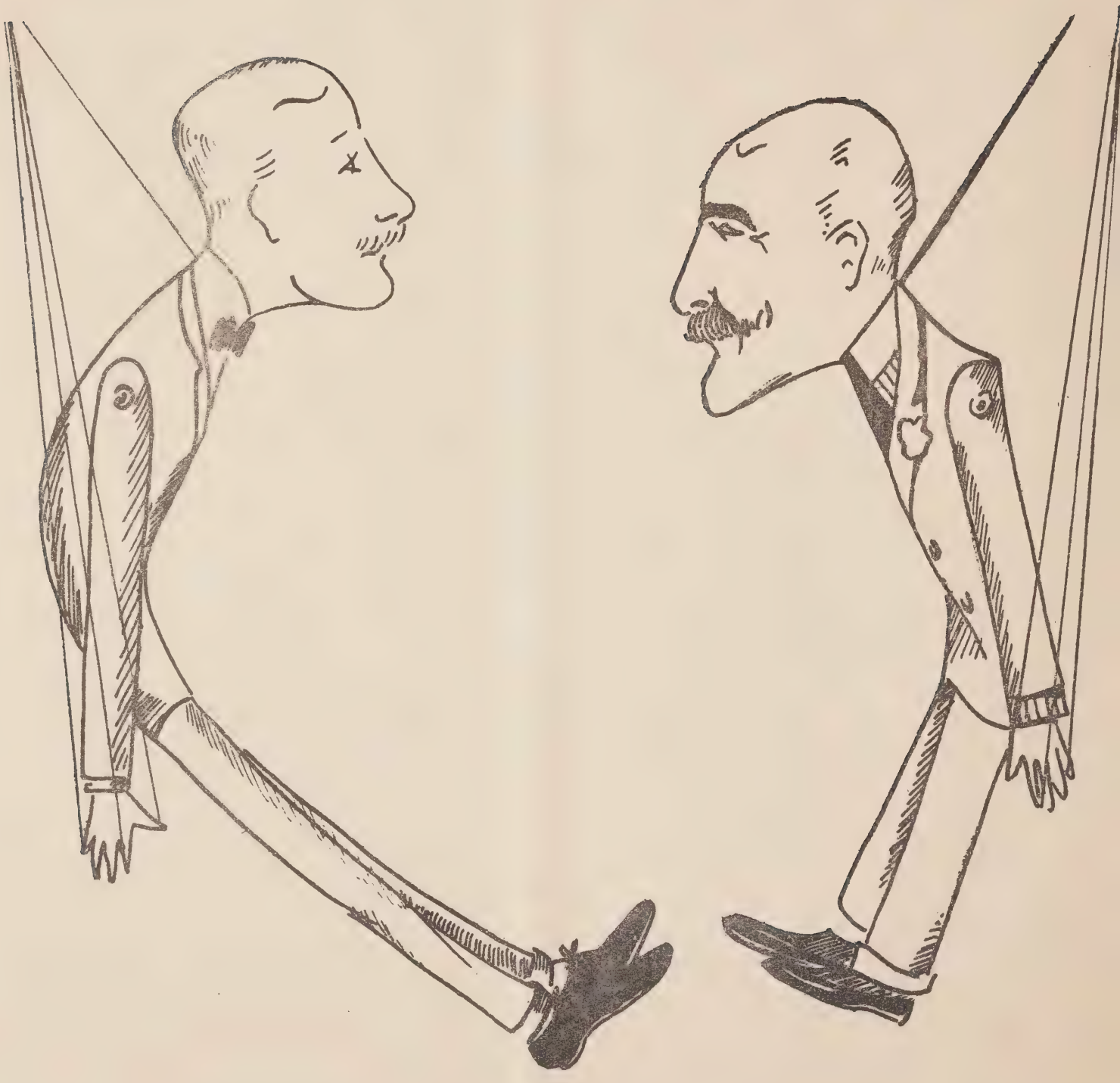
A. (1) From force of habit. (2) To fill up a gap in one's own or someone else's conversation. (3) To fill up a gap in one's own or someone else's interior economy. (4) To get at the cherry at the bottom of the glass.

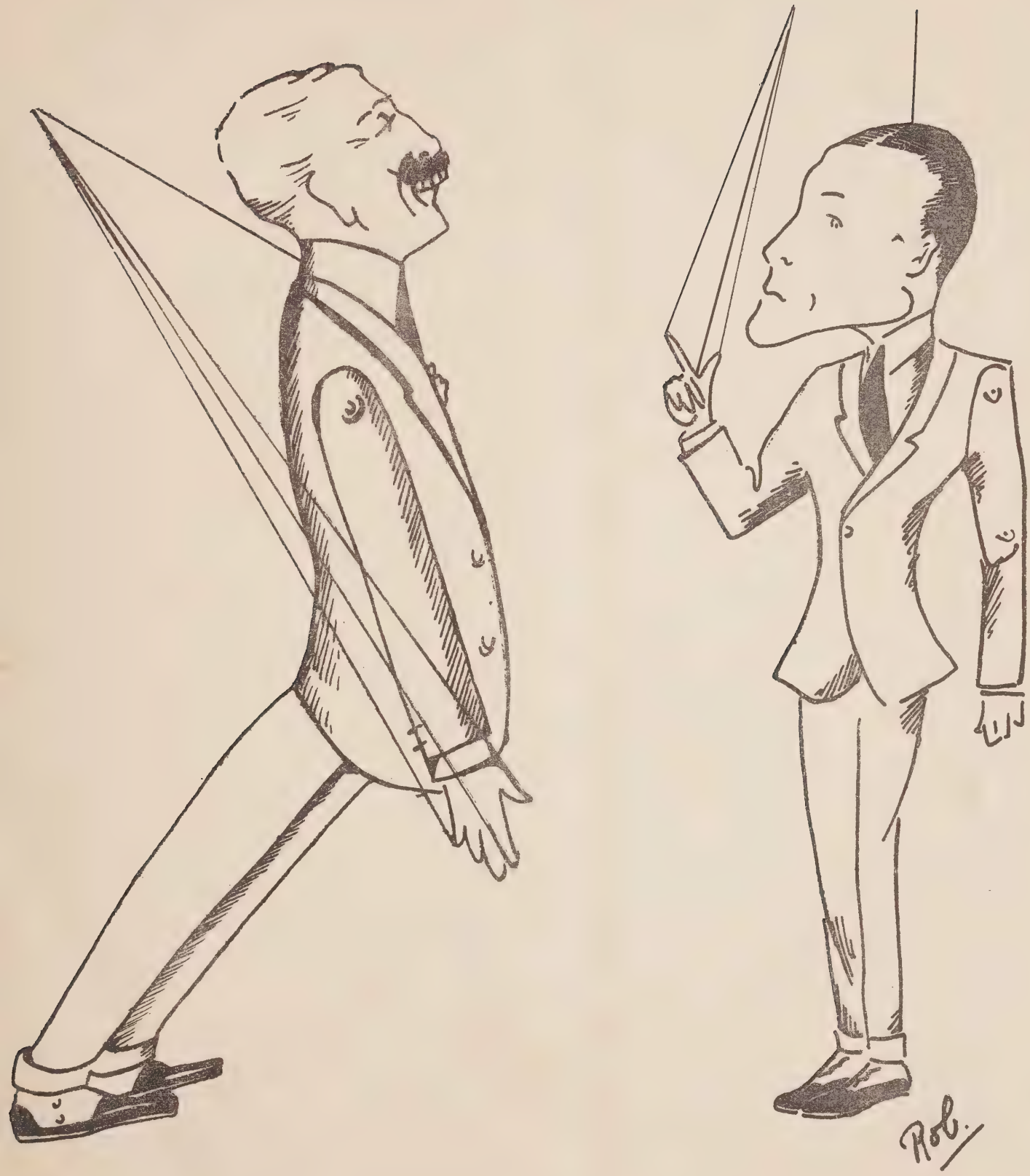
Q. Is there a Fire Brigade in Shanghai?

A. There are Fire Brigades *ad nauseam*; all most unfairly on the side of the avaricious Insurance Companies, so that our poor Chinese friends have practically no chance of making a bit of money at China New Year with any degree of certainty.

Q. Can anyone belong to the Fire Brigade?

A. No; married men are no longer allowed to join; the excuse was too gloriously unanswerable to bring home at four o'clock in the morning.





RIONETTES

SZE A-SUNG

A STORY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

By H. H.

Young Sze A-Sung at seventeen
Was idle, vain and gay;
A sadder case I've seldom seen
Of virtue led astray.

That he was wild and spent a lot
This picture clearly shows.
The Singing-girl! The Samshu-pot!
The game of Dominoes!

"Oh! What to do with this young man,"
The anxious teaman cried,
"I'll call a meeting of the clan
And we will then decide."

"There's Uncle Wing and Uncle Woo,
Old Chang across the street,
With grandmamma, an aunt or two,
The quorum is complete."

His worthy father dealt in tea
That "Foreign devils" buy,
(The well-known firm of Nip Ka See
Of Nanking Road, Shanghai).

This parent bird was very sad,
He simply couldn't bear
To see his fledgling such a cad—
It drove him to despair.

So grandmamma harangued the crowd,
She talked from 12 to 3,
The meeting argued long and loud
And time was called for tea.

Young Sze must pack his trunks and sail
Across the Eastern Sea,
The University of Yale
His future home shall be.

They gathered at the steamer side
To see the lad depart;
The way his aged mother cried
Went straight to every heart.

"Goodbye to Sze"! I see him there,
Surrounded by his kin.
"Goodbye, and don't forget to wear
Some flannel next your skin."

[*To be continued.*]

LIVY

CRICKET QUACK

The month of May opens up Cricket in Shanghai and it is of some interest to look into the prospects of the Season. The S. C. C. is fortunate in having new players in Muriel, Roberts and many others of no mean standing. Barrett is at home on leave and doing well for the M.C.C., later on he is to play for Hampshire, *Quack* wishes him every success. W. H. Moule is in grand form this season, and A. E. Lanning is playing as well as ever. In the bowling department 'Big' Billings is keeping his usual length, McEuen has got wickets and will get more, and the left-handers, Brand and Roberts, will secure plenty of victims when they get their length. The 2nd XI is entered for the League and is bound to do well with such an enthusiastic cricketer as Crewe-Read at its head.

The Recreation Club is captained this year by that fine batsman H. B. Ollerdessen, who, with the support of Messrs. Jackson, Milner, Veitch and Wallace will surely have a good season, especially as they have secured the services of such a good wicket-keeper as W. J. Haynes.

The Cricket Club and the Recs met on Whit-Monday, the senior club was victorious, but the Recs are not likely to be discouraged by a defeat so early in the season.

A gratifying feature of Cricket in Shanghai is the keenness displayed by the Junior Clubs such as St. Andrews, B.A.T., Police and S.N.R. To these Clubs and others we wish them one and all a really good season.

It is rumoured that the 'old-uns' are going to turn out under the name of 'Crusaders'; they may be expected to win matches despite the fact that there has been a slight increase in girth measurement since last season.

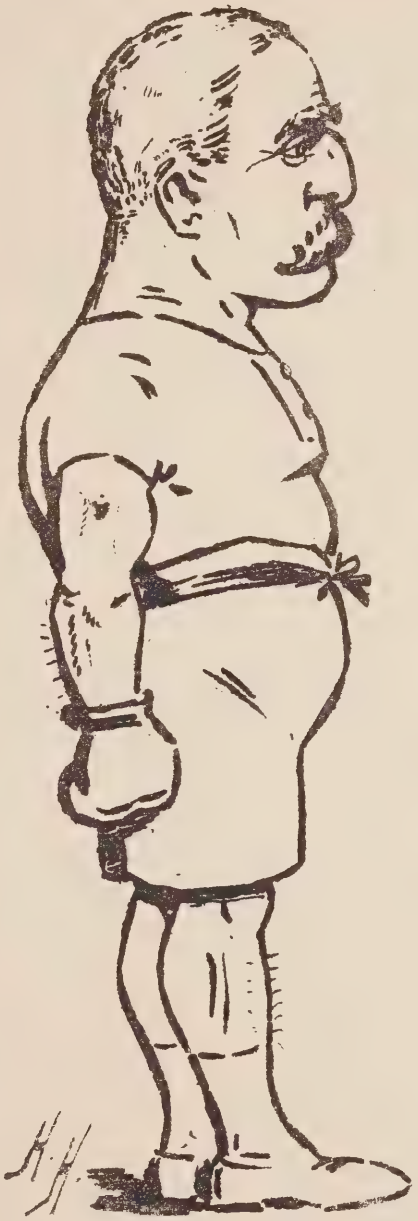
Hongkong have asked Shanghai to visit them in early November, the challenge has been accepted; it is to be hoped that Shanghai will do her utmost to send a representative XI.

RONDEAU

THE Weather's cast her cloak away
Of rain and tempest and of cold,
And clothed herself in braiding gold,
Of lovely sun of sheeny shiny ray.
There is no beast, nor bird the day
But in his jargon has not told:
The Weather's cast her cloak away
Of rain and tempest and of cold
The river, fountain and the burn
Carry in handsome livery,
Spangles of silver jewellery,
Each decks itself anew in turn.
The Weather's cast her cloak away.

[*After Charles d'Orleans.*]

THE ANCIENT GLADIATORS



CECIL

PAUL

MY BOY

Who is it chases sleep away,
A Hebe heralding the day
With grateful whiskey on a tray?
My boy.

Without whom could I not exist?
Whom have I twenty times dismissed?
Who neither heeds my boot nor fist?
My boy.

Who packs just what he feels inclined?
Who has a most ill-balanced mind?
Who leaves my evening 'trous' behind?
My boy.

Ten dollars missed,—I fear the worst!
Who is it meets my temper's burst
With bland regard?—The conscience-curst—
My boy.

Who stands reproaches like a sheep,
As humble as Uriah Heep?
Who longs to slay me in my sleep?
My boy.

Who has me underneath his thumb?
With wholesome awe who strikes me dumb?
I'll tell you—but the word is 'mum,'—
My boy.

Who fattens, Foreign fools among,
On dollars from their pockets wrung?
Who is the biggest rogue unhung?
Ah Fung,
My boy!

RACE RUMINATIONS

What the Pony thought.

It is true that the belly-band is pinching me, but I caught that mafoo a perfect treat, just over the pelvis, where it is soft. Bother—not feeling very well; sure this doping business is bad for the health, would almost prefer tapping on the hock. Never saw such a crowd round the Club of an afternoon before; very hot too—and the foreign devil on the moke in front has a red cap and a green coat—further cause for discomfort—and sticks out his toes something horrid. Seems to be a deal of colour about; just saw some odd things on the lawn out of corner of my eye, thin and fat, and pink and black and speckled—quite peculiar, but there's no room to run away till we get on to the course. As soon as we do, must try to remember to run away. Here we are—Lawks!—what's that thing leaning on the rails—a bird,—no too large, one of them-there women,—It WAGGLES! I'm going to bolt (Does so, three times round and slows down near the start). Dear me, I'm quite out of breath—well, well! lets have a quiet canter part of the way with the other ponies.

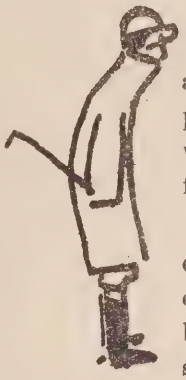
What She thought.

I must stand near the rails so that dear Alan can see me watching him. What a funny look the pony has. I wonder why he puts his ears like that; I wonder why he stares so comically at me; I wonder why Alan seems so annoyed: I wonder why he won't let the dear pony look at me; tried to nod encouragement to him poor boy. The pony seems able to gallop very well. (Turns to commune with a friend, then scans the course once more.) There's Alan still galloping all alone, I wonder why.

What He thought.

Feeling rather worried, they expect too much of this dark horse of their's. Saw Matilda on the lawn and she wished me luck. Shall be glad when we're started. Hullo! what ails the beast? Oh it's that blasted Matilda's hat! Pull devil, pull baker, all the three times round, and ends by cantering in, five minutes after the finish, and receives Matilda's condolences with cold reserve).

RACING QUACK

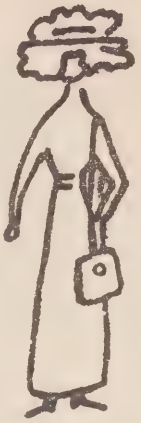


Notwithstanding the temporary (?) abolition of the public Cash Sweeps the past Meeting of the Shanghai Race Club was undoubtedly one of the most enjoyable for many years.

Mr. Marshall, in accordance with expectations, was the leading winning owner with seven firsts, closely followed by John Peel who was successful on six occasions. For many meetings Mr. Marshall was not favoured with the best of luck, but the wheel of fortune has turned at last. The John Peel stable is certainly to be congratulated upon the performances of its candidates, as of eight ponies entered for the meeting no less than five were returned as winners.

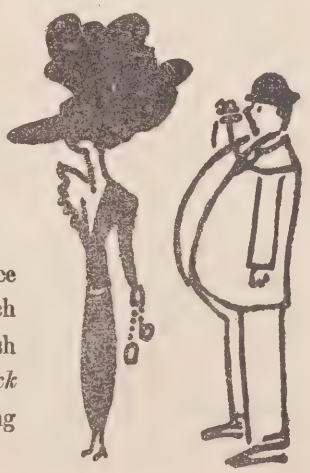
The experiment of holding three steeplechases instead of one on the Off Day was a great success, and it is hoped they will continue to find a place in the programme on the unofficial day. Steeplechases are more popular among the younger members than they have ever been, and the general public certainly appreciates some jumping on the Off Day. The Grand National resulted in what was probably the finest race of the Meeting, and should do much to stimulate the already greatly increased interest in jump races. The Open Steeplechase was won by *Clapham*, a pony who should have a successful career before him. We understand he has been re-purchased by his original owner who should have no difficulty in getting his money back with him.

The Leger will now be the topic of conversation among racing men, and already attempts have been made to find the winner. The Derby pony must be dangerous, but it is worthy of note that since 1900 the Derby winner has only been successful in the Leger on three occasions, namely, *Amphion* in 1900, *Brockton* in 1906 and *Manchu King* in 1907. Last year *Foreman*, after carrying all before him at the Spring Meeting, unfortunately broke down during his Leger preparation and was unable to face the starter in the Autumn. This year's Derby winner, *Rose Tree*, finished five lengths ahead of *The Knight* in the Derby, and on the third day, carrying a 7 lbs. penalty, again finished five lengths in front of the same pony. He is a 13.2 pony and if fit and well at the post should not have much difficulty in carrying his Leger penalty.



Of the Hongkong ponies *Wireless* or '*Wilets*' has aroused the greatest amount of interest. This pony is reported to have been unfit during the last meeting 'down south,' and that what he really can do will be revealed to the public during the first week in November.

The atrocious weather on the first day of the International Recreation Club's second Spring Meeting did not prevent a large number of people from making the journey to Kiangwan and most of Shanghai's keen racing people were on the course including a few ladies. The Open Steeplechase was the most interesting event on the programme, the meeting of *Susquehanna* and *Black Ivory* being eagerly looked forward to. *Susquehanna* found the larger number of supporters but failed by two lengths to beat the *black*. For the Second Day of the Meeting the weather was perfect and there was a big crowed of spectators. For the first time at Kiangwan a race was run for Champions, which resulted in a great finish between *Hankow* and *Black Ivory*, the latter pony gaining the verdict by a neck.



REBUKE

Time was, before the world went out of joint,
I was your favoured swain to scandal-point.
Time was, my lady, ere you played me false,
You used to give me every other valse.

Mock pleading when I begged you for a dance;
No need to beg, you jumped at every chance.
Not only you; I had myself to thank
If e'er my programme showed an empty blank.

Taking your hand in mine, a pressure chaste,
Placing the other firmly round your waist,
Many's the time I've steered you through the crowd,
Serenely gliding, mutually proud.

When first the two-step echoed through the band,
I felt a cloud, no bigger than a hand
Settle between us at that fatal ball.
I couldn't do the beastly thing at all.

I couldn't learn! I thought it was a joke
Till you were taught it by some other bloke.
The "Boston" followed. You could dance the thing;
Try as I might, I couldn't get the swing.

That was the sad beginning of the end,
The scornful spurning of your faithful friend!
And soon the idol of an alien crew,
You cut my dances down to one or two.

And then a "duty" one. T'was rather hard,
One for the former lord of all your card.
Now you have taken even that from me,
The one-step claims you as a devotee.

My tortured spirit in a corner groans,
Watching you do the "Turkey Trot" with Jones.
I've seen you hug the "Bunny Hug," and worse,
You, who once deemed it vulgar to reverse!

Signs of the times! I'm all for home and bed,
And can't help thinking you were better dead.

TAIPANS AT SEA

Shanghai Mercury, May 10, 1912.

"Mr. E. C. Pearce, of Messrs. Liddell Bros. and a member of "the Municipal Council, will leave here on the 17th inst. for "a six months' visit home."

Yes, and Mr. A. W. Burkill, doubtless of Ewo, went by the same mail.

* * *

A STAB IN THE BANK

China Press, May 12, 1912.

"Mr. Stobbs, Manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai "Bank at Hongkong, and Mrs. Stobbs are staying a few days "with Mr. H. E. R. Hunter at the Bank House."

And the longer he stobbs the better.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*** N. B.—*We shall be glad to receive letters from any correspondent, bogus or otherwise, and to give advice on any subject whatever, from affairs of state to the most delicate, or indelicate, affairs of the heart.*

DON WHISKERANDOS: No more port for you.
RI-TYPE: No, she is going to stay at Government House this year.
'ERNY: Heartiest congratulations! You ought to frame that post card.
TRANSGRESSOR: You'd better look out, he has just come back from Wei-hai-wei.
TAM WHARF: We believe that in the vernacular it was called a "No Hunt" judgment.
CHRIS: We think you were a fool; you should have rung up the Police Station at once.
12 GERRARD: Sorry you had all that fuss, but it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.
SHAREHOLDER: (1) Advise you not to sell. (2) "Tot Bosch" does not mean "so much rubbish."
OLD FIRM: No, we are afraid you would lose your case; the general opinion seems to be that it was no libel!
SYMPATHETIC: Thanks for your kind letter. No, we only lost about $200 over the first number, or was it taels?
WELSBACK: The menu was Electrical throughout, but the Speeches in spite of their brilliance were largely gas.
PLAYGOER: Keep it up, never say die! We like your style. There is still room for another mat-shed inside the Race Course.
WAY FOONG: We don't think your friend can be made to apologise; all the same, it was very rude of him to say that you had no socks on.
DIRECTOR: We understand that Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons are issuing special cheap excursion tickets to Timbuctoo (non-return).
LULU: You need not have worried about your appearance; several ladies told us that you looked fine, and your uniform was very much admired.
GRAND SLAM: We are not quite clear if the other lady tried to bite and scratch you in the Bridge Room itself; if so, it is certainly a clear case to go before the Committee. Of course, if she waited till you were outside the Club, they have no authority, and are powerless to help you. You had better ask you husband to advise you in the matter.

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